

PRAIRIE
FLYER

Volume 1
Numbers 1-10

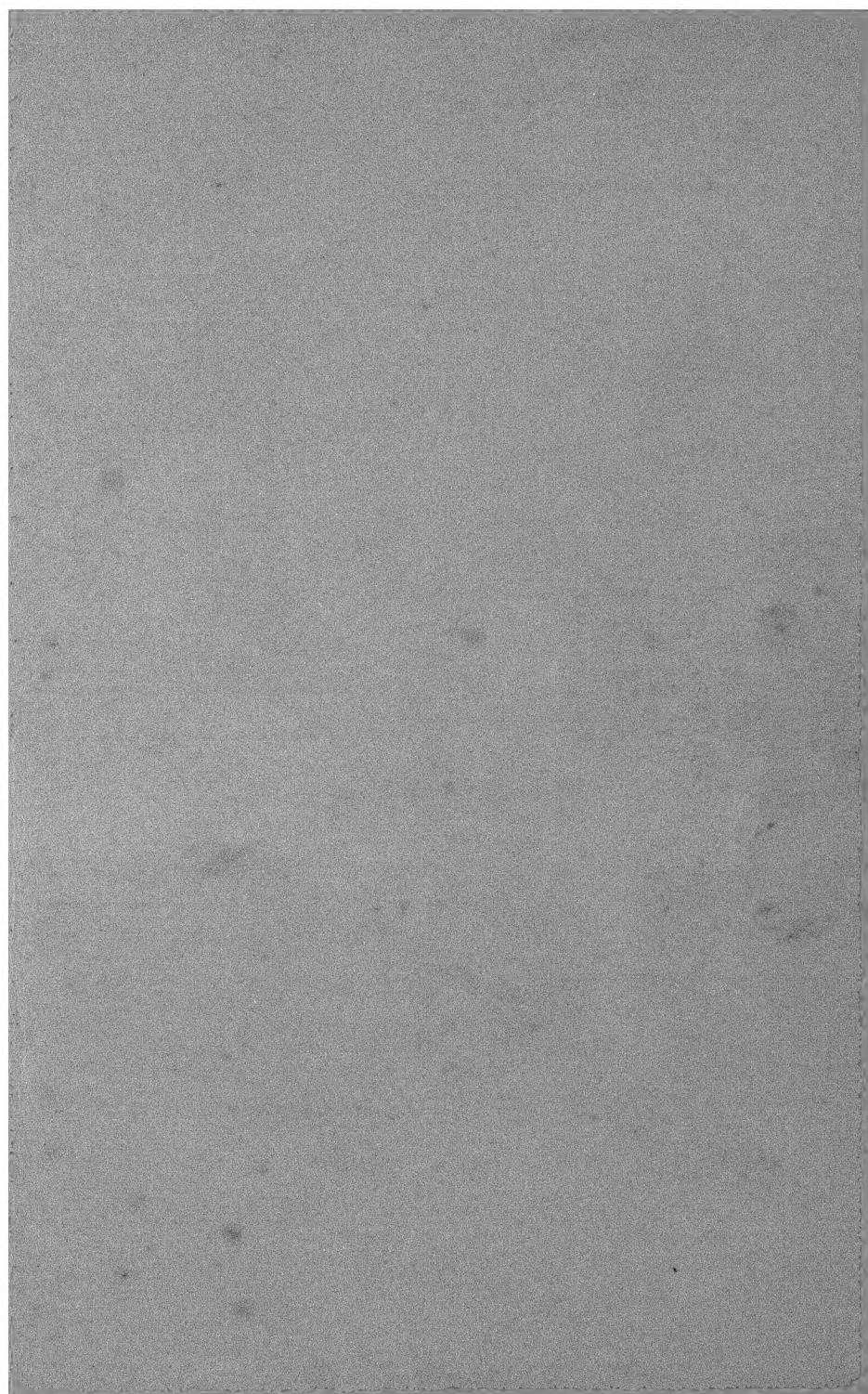
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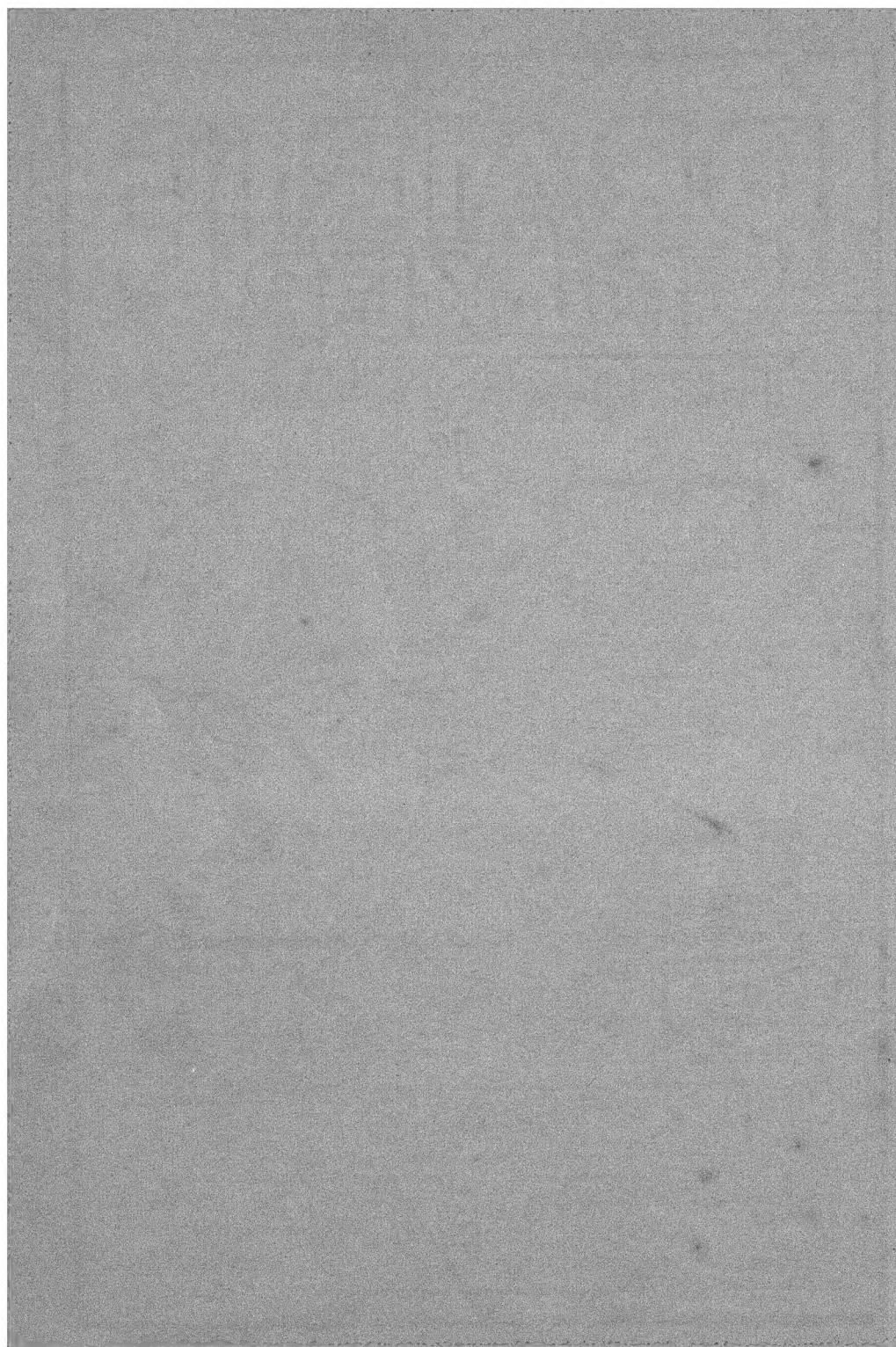
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Moose jaw.





PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF

Nº



VOLUME I
Numbers 1-10
1941-42

MOOSE JAW

Sept., 1941
to
June, 1942

G. SUMNER.

PRAIRIE

THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.



FLYER

MOOSE JAW, SASK.
Canada

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VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1941

No. 1

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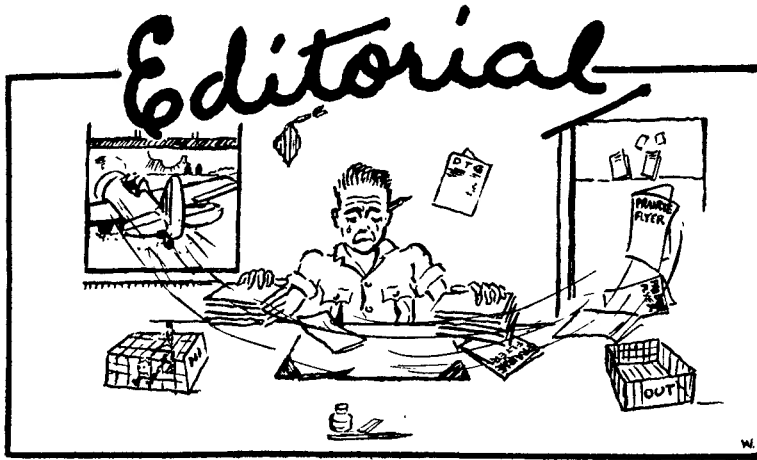
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In introducing to our readers the "Prairie Flyer", we do so with all the humble yet hopeful philosophy attendant upon any new venture. For venture it surely is. Yet it can be said that the inauguration of this magazine is something which may be regarded as the climax to many tentative enquiries and many a suggestion mooted in the discussional atmosphere of places where men foregather.

It has for its object the promotion of good feeling, interest and morale within the camp; to produce a creative and, we hope, entertaining method of liaison with our many friends in the City of Moose Jaw; and finally, though by no means the least of our aspirations, to create an outlet for the literary and artistic talent at present lying dormant within the confines of this school.

To few of us who came to Moose Jaw in the close of last year did the mind-picture of this city present itself in anything but pure fantasy. Indeed, the very name seemed to dissociate one from present-day civilisation, releasing a prolific flow of imaginative ideas, based chiefly upon the literary and pictorial association we had procured of Cowboys and Indians and coyotes and the wild and somewhat woolly west. And so it was with no little surprise that we viewed this up-to-date town, its bright lights, its fast cars, its modernity and its whole-hearted hospitality.

Upon this latter element I would dwell a moment longer. It might be recalled that from the early stages of our journey from England the well enlightened had spoken to us of the hospitality of the West. Yet I am sure that few believed that our reception, our initial entry into the social life of the city, and our continued existence within that city would prove the ever pleasant thing it has. Without exception we have been received into the domestic life of Moose Jaw in a manner usually reserved exclusively for the sons of the very city itself. For this we shall be ever grateful.

I do not propose to keep you any longer than is necessary with these opening remarks. I would, however, ask that should this magazine interest you—should you consider it of value as a souvenir, or to possess potential interest of a historical nature in later years—you will tell your friends about it and advertise its existence as much as possible. Only by so doing can we maintain continuity. Finally, I wish to thank all those who have responded so admirably in submitting articles and drawings for publication. They have provided the ammunition and we, the committee, have endeavoured to fire the gun.

H. G. B.

Attention! Air Force Men

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The Padre's Page

I welcome the opportunity of writing a few lines for the first number of our magazine. We are, by now, familiar with the hospitality of Canadians, and we are grateful to them for the way they have received us. I am at least as grateful to you all for the way you received me when I arrived here last February. Wherever I go on the Station, and to whomsoever I speak, the same spirit of friendship is evident. This makes things so much easier.

However much we may have been glad of the chance of fresh experiences here, most of us are far from home, far from our loved ones, and we feel it very much. I want to suggest to you that that is all the more reason why we should turn to God, asking Him to work in and through us. As I go to different places on the Camp, and speak to various men, you will not expect me to "thrust this down your throat". But do talk to me about spiritual matters whenever you want to do so.

We have a good Station Church, in which there is an atmosphere of devotion, and I am deeply grateful to all who have made possible the use of that building and have helped to provide and look after its furnishings. Do use it for private prayer and quiet at any time. Come along, whenever you can, to the 09.30 hours service on Sundays, a service for other denominations as well as members of the Church of England. And to those of you who have been confirmed, or who are communicant members of some other denomination I extend an earnest invitation to attend frequently the Holy Communion at 08:00 hours. If you have not been confirmed, and wish to be, come and see me about it. If you could help in the singing, join the choir, and come to the choir practices when they restart in September.

Then we have the Fellowship, which will also begin again in September. Any-one may come, and will be welcome. It lasts for one hour—a quarter of an hour to arrange sidesmen, and deal with other routine matters, forty minutes for a talk and discussion, and the final five minutes for prayer.

If you wish to talk to me on any matter, please do not hesitate to come and do so. If you feel lonely, and wish for an introduction into some home in Moose Jaw, I can probably help you. If you do not know where to go when you get leave, I know people whose advice will be valuable.

In conclusion, I want us all together to turn to God for guidance and strength, and I want each one of you to feel that I am here to assist you in any way possible.

DONALD A. FOSTER.



Disappointments come along and overthrow our schemes,
Castles tumble down to earth with all our hopes and dreams,
We plan ahead, not knowing what the future holds in store,
For human hands cannot unlock tomorrow's secret door.

• • • • •

Don't count too much on earthly things,
Don't set your heart and mind
On mere material happiness,
For maybe you will find
That when, at last, you've reached the goal
To which you have aspired,
It won't be as you dreamed, although
You have what you desired.

Not as you dreamed—
Perhaps there'll be a gap—a vacant chair—
Your gladness tinged
With sorrow, and your triumph with despair.

So live each day with gratitude,
Be thankful for the power
To live and love, and to enjoy
Each good and perfect hour
And make the best of every day
And take what it can give,
Tomorrow is God's secret,
But today is yours to live.

A Message From the Commanding Officer

The idea of a Station Magazine has been in the minds of many of us for some time, but difficulties had to be overcome, and the groundwork well laid before this first edition could be contemplated.

The proceeds from this magazine will be devoted entirely to benevolent organisations. We propose to allocate sums of money to such Funds as the Lord Mayor of London's Bombed Victims Fund, and other similar functions which are responding so nobly to the call made upon them during these anxious days of toil and suffering at home.

I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the hard work which has been done by the Editor, the Committee and the Business Manager. Thanks are due also to those who have contributed the articles, sketches, poems, etc., which have been presented to you.

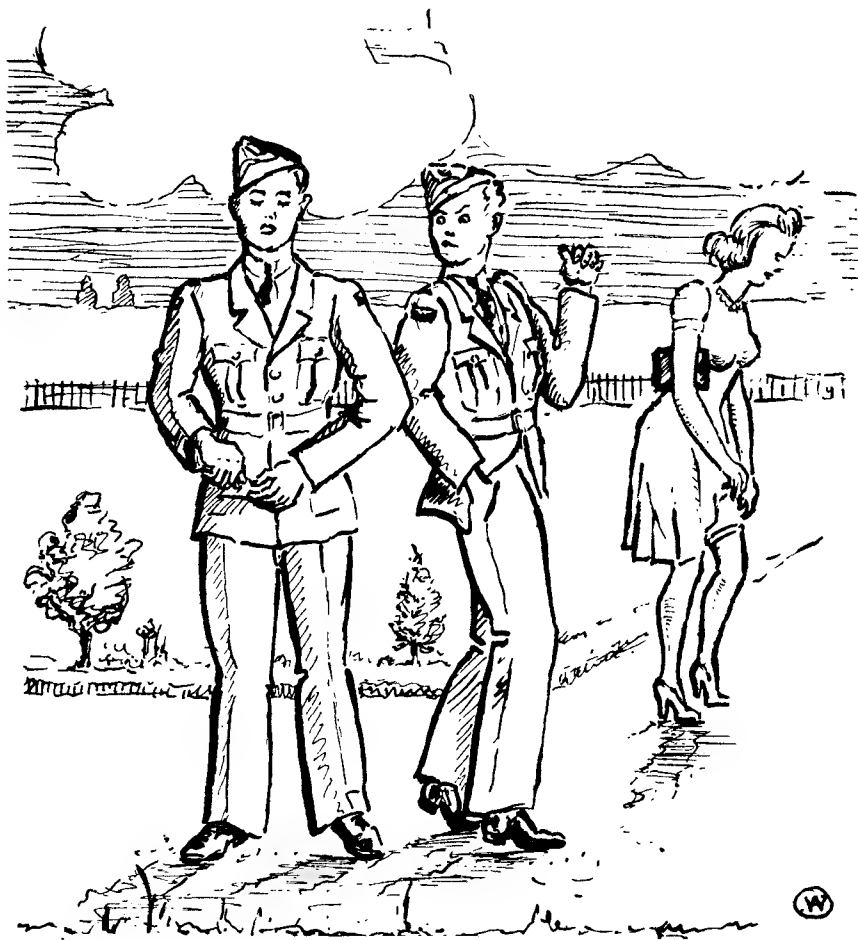
I do hope you will find this first edition both interesting and amusing, and that many of you will come forward with contributions for the next number.

Good luck "Prairie Flyer", keep us smiling.

*(Sgd.) C. E. H. JAMES, G/Capt.,
Officer Commanding No. 32 S.F.T.S.,*

15 August, 1941.

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.



'I SEE YER' GIRL FRIEND ROLLS 'EM
TOO CHARLIE!"

WE'LL TELL THE WORLD

If you've good news to spread,
And from the house-tops you'd shout,
Just give us the 'gen',
And we'll be your 'mouth'.
We can give you a 'Splash'—
Half-page or a line,—
Half-page or a line,—
But let's have the story,
For that's where we shine.

H.A.L.

'E WORN'T ARF A TOFF!

'E took me to the pitchers,
'E gave me such a time,
Treated me like Marie Lloyd,—
Lor Lumme, 'e were fine!
Thank Gawd I'd got my best ones on—
You know dearie, me pink—
For when the lights went up 'e ses,
"Your handkerchief, I think!"

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Nature

Castles of majesty, that rear against the sky,
 In solemn grandeur, like a church, most high;
 Their tree-decked sides, spread like a mantle fair,
 Or at their peak, a glacier, white, cold and bare,
 From which, in summer's sun, a water-fall may spring,
 And trickle gently down or in a cascade sing,
 Until, with gurgling noise and rushing sound of glee,
 It empties into crystal lake and then, on to the sea.
 These untouched wonders, which received not help of man,
 And older far, by fifty times, man's own allotted span,
 Thus nature lives in peace and counts not time or age;
 Oh! if but man would take from nature's book a page,
 Instead of greed and war and hate and strife,
 We sought to understand and give, instead of taking life;
 And help along our neighbour by giving him a hand,
 Remembering all our riches are given by the land.

—H.A.L.

AERO ENGINEERS AND FITTERS ONLY

Aeronautical engineers are greatly interested in the news that a patent has been applied for by an almost unknown manufacturer of small parts, now residing somewhere in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

The device—"A gadget to correct the Involuntary Divagation of the Spline in its transit across the Doodah without interference with the Power Ratio or Diminution of the Vertical Drive Transverse from the Crank Shaft to the rear Thingamajig in Internal Combustion Engines."

Knowledgeable critics say this device will, if adopted, bring about an amazing revolution in Aero Engine performance.

GASPER.

— ♣ —

Rear Gunner (Wellington): Sorry, sir, but I can't possibly ride with my back to the engine.

— ♣ —

Barmaid: "Yes, I'm married; no, we have never met before; and my name's not Flossie;—so, I'll collect ninepence for the beer if you don't mind, before your memory gets worse!"

Blockade: There is an acute shortage of wool in Germany, we are told. However, the R.A.F. are giving them socks!

— ♣ —

Oomph: "Glamour girls feel indifference most acutely," asserts a specialist. They like to be looked over, but hate to be overlooked?

— ♣ —

Dress: Evening gowns made from lactic fluids are now all the rage. Of course husbands and fathers are being milked for them, as usual.

— ♣ —

DO YOU BLAME IT?

An Englishman, a Frenchman and a German once made a wager as to who could stay in a room with a polecat the longest.

A polecat was procured, and put in a room, and the Englishman went in first. He could not stand it more than 30 seconds.

The Frenchman then went in. His stay lasted about two minutes, after which he came out "on his knees".

Then the German went in. Five seconds later the polecat came out with a terrific rush. . . Do you blame it?



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The Age of the Air

We are all collectors of something. We must each have our hobby—an interest in something that appeals to us individually. My collection—one that solves the packing problem in our roving R.A.F. life—is curious facts.

At the moment we are up against hard facts—some very hard facts—and the R.A.F. is very busy dealing with some of these facts. There are, of course, facts and facts, and before discussing a few of the curious ones, let us define a "fact" by a simple illustration.

Down the centre of each roadway there is an imaginary line. If you're driving a car you may be on the right or wrong side of the line. It is definite and fixed, the same for you, for me, and the next man; and to that masterpiece of precision, the policeman, the position of your car in relation to our imaginary line is a question of "fact", which he can produce in evidence against you.

So we can divide an actuality into arbitrary divisions by imaginary lines, but so long as the object so divided has an actual and proven existence, the arbitrary sections and boundaries in relation to a given point are "facts".

This is exactly what the old astrologers did. They divided the Heavens into twelve equal parts by imaginary lines and called each section by queer names, and the whole arrangement the Zodiac. These twelve sections are definitely fixed in relation to objects in the sky, and being the same for everybody, are within our definition of "facts".

Now a fact occurred which is so unusual that, but for the war, it would indubitably have been spread across the headlines of the world. This unique

occurrence in our lifetime passed unnoticed, or almost. It was simply this:—on a certain day in February, 1940, this Earth of ours passed the boundary from the Zodiacal sign of "Pisces" into the sign (or section) of "Aquarius", a fact of evidential value equal to that of our policeman. The divisions made by the old Greek astrologers are as good as any and are still used by astronomers today.

But what of it? Unusual, perhaps, but has this change of "sign" any significance for us?

I don't know. I'll leave the guessing to you and stick to facts. There is a curious collection of them. Coincidence, perhaps, but still facts.

The Earth passes from one "sign" of the "Zodiac" to another at intervals of almost 2,000 years, and each such interval is known as an "age". As far as we can go back in the world's history, each of these "ages" is clearly and definitely marked with a timbre of its own, clear cut and distinctive from any preceding or subsequent age. The change from one age to another is seldom sudden, usually starting a half to one century before and continuing for a similar time after the date the Earth crosses the dividing line in the Zodiac, and is invariably accompanied by two things. One is a giant upheaval, whether terrestrial, religious, political or domestic—for example, floods, earthquakes, wars, etc.; the second is a gradual and steadily increasing evidence of "New Thought", new ways, a new order of life.

The Great Flood in 10600 odd B.C., referred to not only in the Bible but in

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other old historic records, and at which all but a very small corner of Atlantis sank, occurred almost exactly at one of these transitions.

The 2,000 years of Egypt's prime under the Greater Pharaohs is confined within one age of the Zodiac, under the sign of "Taurus, the Bull." I cannot help asking myself whether it is a mere coincidence that in Egypt under the "Sign of Taurus", the bull was a sacred animal; that an object of common worship was the "Golden Calf." Curious coincidences.

When Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt to the "Promised Land", the Earth was travelling out of "Taurus" into the sign of "Aries", the Ram. A decline occurred in Egypt—political and religious corruption, weak rulers, wars. The roaring bull passed and the desert sands engulfed their cities.

The world's major history changes to that of the Israelites, under their sign of the "Ram". The ram does not appear now as an object of worship, but still we have our curious coincidence. The ram has an important function in the religious rites of the Israelites as the "Living Sacrifice", the burnt offering. This represents a very marked advance in the world's progress. From the worship of an idol, mankind progressed to the idea of one God, Jehovah. A wrathful idea of a god, perhaps, but a major improvement.

And then came the "Age of Pisces", the Fishes, the transition occurring about 40 B.C. Again no sudden change, but the coming of Jesus completely changed the civilised world. Elijah, Isaiah, David, Micah, and others, foresaw the new age, prophesied accurately its tendencies, prophesied the coming of "The Master" to inaugurate it (as also did the Druids of ancient Britain). The prophets promised dire affliction on the Jews if they were unready for the change, and even before the birth of Christ the Jews were already under the Roman oppressor's foot, and were shortly after scattered.

For the third time, coincidence. The age of "Pisces", the Fishes. Why "Fish"? Jesus chose fishermen to be the Fishers of Men, preached by the seashore, broke fish to feed the thousands, caught a fish to extract a coin from its mouth, marked the haddock with His fingerprint for all time and used fish in many parables.

Fish, fish, fish. Even the Church of Rome adopted the fish in its sign and

seal. The Arms of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in England include fishes. Throughout Christianity you find the symbol "Fish". Is this coincidence?

Nor has it been an age without progress for humanity as a whole. Its initiator and Master replaced the One but wrathful God with a God of Love. True, we haven't lived up to it; in fact, we've tried every way but Love, and appear to have brought our present penalty upon ourselves and are left with the conclusion that His way, the only untried way, must be the only way.

We have learnt our lesson and progressed that far at least. Civilization as a whole has also developed from isolated individual states to the idea of a Co-operation of States, as, for example, U.S.A. and the British Empire—and even Germany—and is looking ahead to a United States of the World.

Coincidence? I wonder. A coincidence which repeats itself ceases to be a coincidence. Is there some relation between the signs of the Zodiac and the progress of civilisation? I have stuck quite literally to facts, and leave the conclusions to you.

And now here we are in the age of "Aquarius" under the sign of the Watering Can, indicative of the careful tending of a garden already dug and planted. What will this new "Aquarian Age" bring us? We do not know, but before guessing, let us continue the review of facts.

As always (and as prophesied in Revelation and by other sources), this new Age has come in with the traditional turmoil of every change—wars, rumours of war, floods, fires, famine, disease, 'quakes, destruction; social, domestic, economic, religious and international upheaval as the "New" takes the reins and the "Old" resists. It is the inevitable destruction—shall we say "slum clearance"—before the new, more beautiful and enduring, can be built in its place.

As always, it has been preceded by numerous prophets, persons born before their time who see just a little farther than their neighbours, and point the way. This has been true and evident in all walks of life for the last two centuries.

There are interesting alternative names to the last three ages, given them by the old astrologers.

The "Arian Age" was also known as the "Age of the Land" and lo! the

Israelites lived mainly by and from the land—agriculture, shepherding, hunting. The sea was almost unused since the days of "Atlantis".

The "Piscean Age" was also known as the "Age of Water" and behold, starting with the Phoenicians a few centuries before, the world became maritime travellers. Surely it could not be better named. Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Capt. Cook, and others roamed and explored the Seven Seas, till our Drakes and Raleighs, Nelsons and Beattys built up the Royal Navy and the "Freedom of the Seas".

The "Aquarian Age" was also named the "Age of the Air", or the "Age of Brotherhood". It is very evident that this not only will be, but already is an "Age of the Air". Only within the last thirty years has man mastered the air, and yet already travels at heights and speeds and distances undreamed of. So, too, have we mastered other aspects of the "Air" in the use of X-rays, ultra violet rays, wireless, and so on. Strange coincidence indeed, if we can still admit that it is coincidence in the face of these cumulative results.

In conclusion, let me suggest that the Zodiacal divisions of the heavens and the relevant Ages on Earth, together with their names and signs, bear such close relation to facts that it cannot be coincidence or chance. Not a statement this, but a suggestion to ponder over.

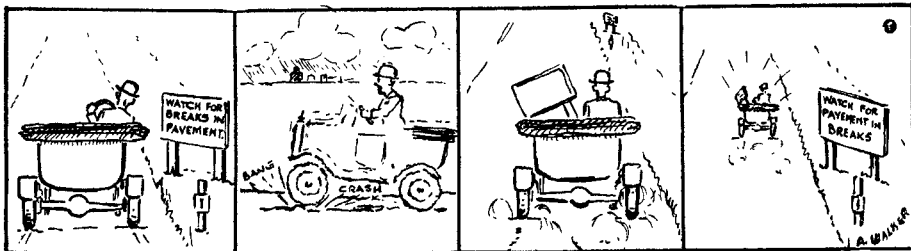
And if that be admitted, again one asks, "What will this Aquarian Age bring us?" And this time let us permit ourselves the luxury of leaving facts and looking forward.

Looking back, we have seen a vista of age succeeding age with ever quickening progress and an increasing tempo in the world's spiritual outlook and aspirations. Now, despite this setback of war, and Hitler, who may well be Anti-Christ in person, and largely because of this perhaps, democracy has lifted up her head and determined to see it through. Not the destruction of Hitler and his evil forces alone, but to ensure the constructive reorganisation of our lives, social, political and economic, that war cannot recur, nor poverty, nor inequality, or injustice.

Surely here are the makings of the foundations of a "New Age", and if realised; no, *when* realised, for it *must and shall be*, what better name than that already allotted by the astrologers of old—"The Age of Brotherhood".

Surely we have ample grounds for hope, and more than hope, for faith in the outcome of the present war. And, what is more, a Star in the East, a guiding star to indicate the direction the democracies shall take.

And if I may digress slightly, there is writing in the sky. Suddenly, from nowhere we hear and see the symbol "V" blazoned across Europe and the world. This is not without significance. "V" for victory, yes, but it is also two sides of a triangle and in the ancient wisdom, the triangle was the symbol of God,—the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, or as termed in those days: Love, Wisdom and Power, the three aspects of Godhood. You and I, and all the air forces, are in the thick of the "V" for Victory, and when we have earned it, shall you and I together draw that third line in Love to complete the Triangle? Shall we? V.M.



BITS and PIECES

Watching the Camp Barber giving an Erk a singe: "Say! Hunting for 'em with a candle?"

"This is a pretty snappy suit," said the baby as he was put into his rubber panties. . .

Eve was the end of Adam's perfect day.

It's a short step from holy matrimony to wedded blitz.

Stop me if you've heard this one:

Rosemary, one of the many little girls recently sent out of London, was going to bed on her first evening in the country.

"Do you say your prayers before going to bed, darling?" her hostess asked. Rosemary said she did.

"Well, then, kneel down and I'll listen, as your mother does."

Rosemary repeated the usual, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then improvised a postscript of her own: "And God please protect Daddy and Mummy from those bombs. And do, dear God, take good care of yourself,—'cause if anything happens to you, WE'RE SUNK!"

A young Moose Jaw maiden named Mary

Thought her airman's legs were too hairy,

And so, to please,

He's shaved his knees,

And now they're as bare as the prairie.

An ideal husband is one who does the washing up for his wife. And the ideal wife is one who dries up!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER
"Heroic couplets" are a man and a woman who have many adventures and misfortunes and at last things are so bad they get married.

R.A.F. Cook: Isn't this good chicken?
Erk: Well, it may have been morally, but physically, it's a ——— !!

Dancing is wonderful training for girls. It's the first way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it!

Said the London cart-horse to the London sparrows: "Excuse me, but are you gentlemen registered with me?"



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Our tastes change as we mature: Little girls like painted dolls; little boys like soldiers. When they grow up, it's the girls who like the soldiers, and the boys go after the painted dolls!

Despite her Ma's opposition, He and she made their decision—
Married they'd be,
Provided he
Could get the C.O.'s permission.

Actor (reciting at prison concert):
"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

Hoarse voice from the rear: "Blimey! We must all be ruddy well 'ipnotised!'"

Capitol Theatre Schedule

Aug. 14 to 16—	I WANTED WINGS - - -	R. Milland W. Holden
18 to 20—	ONE NIGHT IN LISBON - - -	Madeleine Carroll F. McMurray
21 to 23—	CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT - - -	Bobe Hope Dorothy Lamour
25 to 27—	THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D. - - -	Bette Davis James Cagney
28 to 30—	THEY MET IN BOMBAY - - -	Clark Gable Rosalind Russell
Sept. 1 to 3—	THE BIG STORE - - - - -	Marx Bros.
4 to 6—	BILLY THE KID - - - - -	Robt. Taylor Ian Hunter
8 to 10—	BLOOD AND SAND - - - - -	Tyrone Power Nazimova
11 to 13—	SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS - - -	John Wayne Betty Field
17 to 20—	COME ON, GEORGE - - -	George Formby

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"COMPLETE OVERHAUL"

Baghdad to Jerusalem

[To the traveller, to the reader of history and geography, or of fiction, to the average person, in fact, the cities of Baghdad and Jerusalem are names to be conjured with. Rich in lore, veiled in the mystery of forgotten civilisations, scenes of strange legends narrated by travellers and penned by authors, those two famed cities have become something more than just spots on the world map. To have been in the East for many years, and to have travelled by desert convoy the thousand miles from there to Jerusalem has often been the experience of the writer, and so, with him, we travel in the land of legends—from Baghdad to Jerusalem!—Ed.]

With its powerful engine purring smoothly the huge ten-wheeled motor coach, largest in the world, moves slowly away from the glistening white building of the Baghdad airport, heading west on the tarmac road, sticky with heat even at the early hour of seven a.m.

As the vehicle gathers speed, the thirty-six passengers settle more comfortably into their pneumatic cushioned seats. For a few miles the road is bordered with cultivated fields, dotted here and there with date palms. Abruptly the road ends at the edge of the desert: not a desert of picturesque sand dunes; a flat, hard, stony desert; less romantic, but faster travelling.

The coach, moving swiftly, leaves behind a billowing column of fine brown dust. Not a tree or a bush! nothing but a long, thin line of telegraph poles. This is the Plain of Feluja.

Forty miles out of Baghdad palm trees and sun-baked mud buildings come into view, and soon the coach rumbles over the iron bridge spanning the River Euphrates at the village of Feluja. Then the soothing green of cultivation and the black ribbon of tarmac road again. Moving less swiftly now, our way impeded here and there by a flock of sheep and goats, small and heavily laden donkeys, or a string of camels who eye the grey monster with supercilious disdain, we gradually draw away from signs of habitation into barren desert with an occasional glimpse of the muddy waters of the Euphrates on our right, until the R.A.F. camp of Habbaniyah looms ahead. An

uncompleted and vast but orderly array of huge hangars and long low huts surrounded by nine miles of steel fence; and a mile or two away to the south the escarpment from which five years later the Iraqi artillery was to shell the British.

Twenty miles on, Ramadi; a mud village with a rest house, an Iraqi prison, and an old, seldom used landing ground with the remains of three burned-out R.A.F. armoured cars, and the "Winged Camel" crest of No. 45 Squadron still visible on a wall of its old petrol store. At the rest house the passengers alight for a brief easing of the limbs and an iced lemonade, while the crew of three check over the coach and fill the petrol tanks.

In fifteen minutes we are off again, travelling due west, leaving the river to continue its way behind us on its seventeen hundred miles journey to the Persian Gulf. The road ends, and the desert is on all sides.

The next halt is a hundred miles out from Ramadi; here the passengers carefully follow the instructions printed on the time-table sheets, which read: "When alighting in the desert ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left". A little later luncheon boxes are produced and sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs are eaten as the bus sways and rocks over the rough track. At Rutbah, a tiny village and fortress police post, the Imperial Airways liner "Heracles" leaves the ground on its way to Baghdad and India. Another leg-stretch, and an excellent meal in the fort as darkness falls. After leaving Rutbah, we cross the Haifa branch of the oil pipe-line.

Waking in the cool dawn after a somewhat restless dozing we find the stony wastes still the only scenery; but towards midday the landscape begins to change. Undulating desert gives way to low hills dotted with villages. We are in Syria. Now there is a road winding through the Lebanon hills; trees and small orchards, olive and orange groves.

Tea time and we are rolling through the streets of ancient Damascus. Cool white houses; shops and cafes; churches and mosques; Arabs and French troops everywhere. At the coach station of

Potted Personalities—No. 1



GROUP CAPTAIN C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.
Officer Commanding

the Nairn Desert Transport Company, the coach is emptied and the passengers disperse to various hotels.

Next morning the journey is continued; but the world's largest coach is left at Damascus; it is too big to travel on the mountain roads of Syria. Powerful American cars are loaded with passengers and baggage, and off we go at breath-taking speed, over the snow-line of the Hermon range to Beyrout on the Syrian coast. A short stop in this very French city; then, at last, we turn southeast, crossing the Syria-Palentine frontier at the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, and three hours later comes into view the Sea of Galilee, nestling in the Jordan Valley nearly seven hundred feet below sea level. We climb the steep winding road over the Mount of the Horns of Hattin, scene of the Sermon on the Mount, through rocky hills into Nazareth. Through this town of ancient churches and white stone houses; past the Carpenter's Shop, and down the winding Mount of Precipitation into the Valley of Esdraelon, with the oldest known battleground in history on our right. On past the looming bulk of Mount Tabor, through the Jewish colony of Affuleh, the Arab town of Jenin and its old German aerodrome Jagstaffel 1 and to Nablus, dwarfed by the towering heights of Mounts Ebal and Gezerim. Through green valleys and brown rocky hills the road drops, climbs and twists to Ramallah, The Heights of God, and then, tall spires of churches and gilded domes and minarets of mosques: the walled City of Jerusalem.

Eternity—Thy name is Jerusalem.

Our thousand miles journey from the birthplace of civilisation to the birthplace of Christianity is over.

—R.S.S.

HOT WORK

An old Southern colonel was making a trip through Turkey and one day hired a guide to take him on a personally conducted tour of the Sultan's Harem. While wandering through the halls he suddenly recognised a burly black negro attendant as a former lad on his Southern plantation.

"Well, Sam," exclaimed the surprised colonel, "what on earth are you doing away over here?"

"Well, suh boss," replied the grinning negro, "Ah'll tell you. Ah has de best job in de worl'. Every day ah sits heah in front o' dish yeah do'way. Ah has a bowl of watah in ma hand an' when dat long line o' beautiful gals wat belongs to de Sultan passes by, ah dips mah fingers in de watah and trows it on 'em. When ah comes across one wat sizzles—ah is all done fo' de day!"

—♣—

A robber was holding up passengers in a Pullman car.

"Out with your dough, or I'll kill all the men and molest the women," he shouted.

An elderly man said indignantly: "You shall not touch the ladies."

Just then an old maid in an upper berth yelled out, "You leave him alone —HE's robbing this train!"

—♣—

A hostess, serving her guests wine, remarked to one gentleman:

"I should not be offering you wine. You are the head of the Temperance League."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I am the head of the Vice League."

"Well," she said, "I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."



Army and Navy Veterans

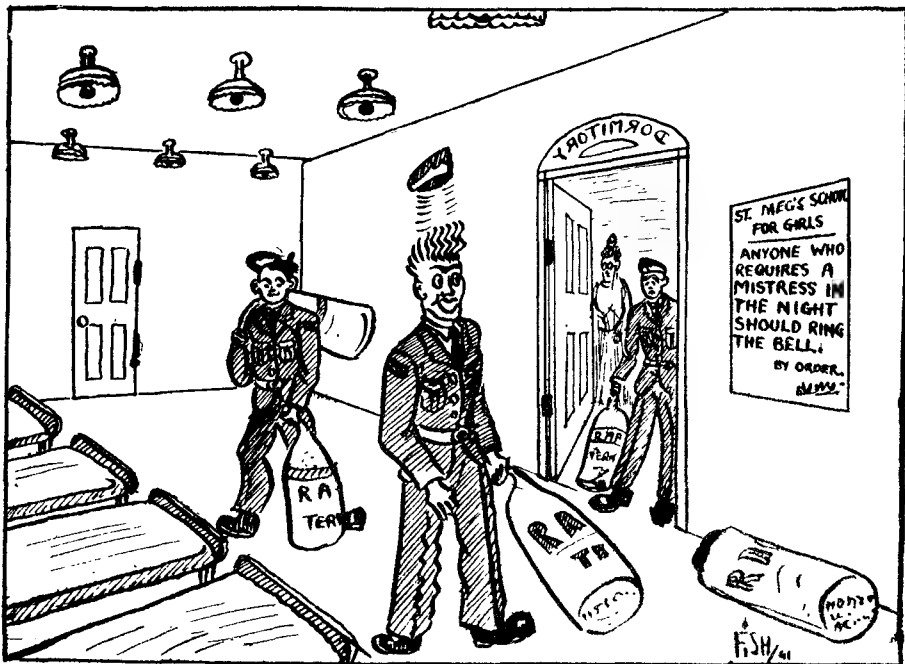
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Capt. J. H. Timms, Sec.-Treas.



BOY! WHAT BILLETS!!!

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ALL OF THE TIME

**JOYNER'S
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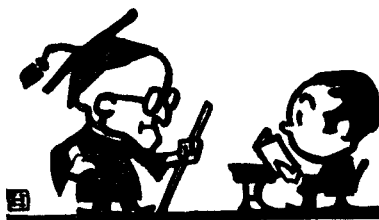
DON QUIXOTE!

War invariably produces characters! \$1.00 Prize to the first reader who identifies this character and can indicate the correct slogan to go on his banner.

"QUIZ"

Here is a test for your memory and general knowledge. Each of the questions is worth 10 points if answered correctly (count 2 points each for the five sections of Questions 3, 4, and 7). How many points can you score? Answers will be found on page 27.

1. What is a stalagmite? Is it:
 - (a) a flower;
 - (b) an insect;
 - (c) a mineral deposit;
 - (d) a small foreign coin?
2. A Civil Court is trying a case of Arson. If convicted would the prisoner be:
 - (a) a fire-raiser;
 - (b) a "confidence trickster";
 - (c) a house breaker;
 - (d) an embezzler?
3. Supply the missing word or words in the following:
 - (a) As light as
 - (b) As plain as
 - (c) As simple as
 - (d) As solemn as
 - (e) As lively as
4. What type of engine is installed in the following aircraft:
 - (a) Oxford;
 - (b) Heinkel 112;
 - (c) Lysander;
 - (d) Beaufort;
 - (e) Dornier 215?
5. What is a palindrome? Is it:
 - (a) an insect;
 - (b) a word with a peculiarity;
 - (c) an Eastern potentate;
 - (d) a small sports arena?
6. What does farina mean to you?
 - (a) a flower;
 - (b) a flour;
 - (c) a girl's name;
 - (d) a lady of the harem?
7. There is a word missing from each of the following statements:
 - (a) Good is to better as better is to
 - (b) Tomorrow is to to-day as to-day is to
 - (c) Thursday is to Tuesday as Sunday is to
 - (d) Cornea is to eye as auricle is to
 - (e) "Gunga Din" is to Kipling as "Hiawatha" is to
8. Are the young of camel known as:
 - (a) camellias;
 - (b) calves;
 - (c) foals;
 - (d) dromedaries?
9. Is "trepanning" an act performed by:
 - (a) trapeze artists;
 - (b) engineers;
 - (c) surgeons;
 - (d) sailors?
10. The "Great Fire of London" occurred in the year:
 - (a) 1066;
 - (b) 1412;
 - (c) 1666;
 - (d) 1812?



One of the deputies in the (former) French parliament was urging an improvement in the legal status of women. He said: "There is very little difference between men and women."

With one accord the entire chamber of deputies rose and shouted: "*Vive la difference!*"

"That's me all over," said the suicide, as he hit the street after jumping out of the 50th storey window.

Home Guard: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Smith (fed up): "FOE!"
H.G.: "Okay,—you won't get a fag!"

When asking her father for his daughter's hand in marriage, the suitor, not very strong in his spelling, wrote: "Mairy is as beutiful as a flour to me."
"Is it the flour of my family you are after," replied the father, "or is it the dough?"

“Save My Child!!”

'Twas a dark dank night in December,
 When Lady Patricia S'Lop
 Rushed into the night air and shouted,
 “My child!—My child at the top.”
 Heroes! They rushed from around, Sir,
 To win the King's Medal, and then,
 The heat and the flames cooled their courage,
 And transformed them, alas, to mere men.
 But pardon that slip of the pen, Sir,
 Give honour to one Super-man,
 For 'twas Corporal Angus MacCrackers
 Who dared a last desperate plan.

If you've never heard tell of MacCrackers
 Then list to this short epic tale.
 Only 90 removed from a Chieftain,
 Tenth son of “No-Soda” MacPhail.
 He snatched up a blanket from nowhere,
 He grabbed a large bucket and pail,
 Flung off his tunic and shoes, Sir,
 And gulped down four beers and an ale.
 Then tore up the building with tooth, Sir!
 (There was no one could lend him a nail),
 For he thought of the child up aloft there,
 And he knew a MacPhail couldn't fail.

How he did it he knew not; he knew not;
 It was left to the fates to decide,
 But Angus at last reached the top, Sir,
 Then over the top in his stride!
 He heard a pitiful moaning,
 The cry of some creature in pain;
 “Save the child, the child! Save it Angus,”
 Drummed throbbing thro' smoke-soddened brain.
 Then softly beside him came padding
 The child of Patricia S'Lop—
 A pale yellow Pekingese puppy
 Reached him in two skips and a hop.

Then Angus saw red for a moment,
 Seized tightly the Pekingese pup
 And slid down the side of the house, Sir,
 The same way that he'd just come up!
 And pushing his way thro' the crowd, Sir,
 Yelling “Beer for a twerp to sup”,
 He lay at the feet of the duchess
 The corpse of a Pekingese pup!

—GASPER

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10 CITY STORES, OR**

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Western Canada's Finest Food Store

Are you sending a parcel home? We are always delighted to assist you, and carry a full line of the goods the home folks will appreciate.

REMEMBER! BRITAIN STILL DELIVERS THE GOODS!

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And Many Other Lines — Shop and Save

Shop at McBride's The Stores That Save You Money



Thanks . . .

The Editor and the Committee desire to place on record their high appreciation of the assistance given by business establishments in Moose Jaw in support of this magazine, and to all those who have kindly consented to advertise.

The Editor desires particularly to thank radio station "CHAB" for their kind co-operation in advertising this publication on the radio.



Answers to the Quiz on Page 24

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. (c) a mineral deposit. | 5. (b) a palindrome is a word reading the same backward and forward. |
| 2. (a) a fire-raiser. | 6. (b) a flour. |
| 3. (a) a feather. | 7. (a) best. |
| (b) a pikestaff. | (b) yesterday. |
| (c) A.B.C. | (c) Friday. |
| (d) a judge. | (d) ear. |
| (e) a cricket. | (e) Longfellow. |
| 4. (a) Cheetah X. | 8. (c) foals. |
| (b) D.B. 601. | 9. (c) surgeons—trepanning is a brain operation. |
| (c) Bristol "Perseus" XII. | 10. (c) 1666. |
| (d) Taurus II. | |
| (e) D.B. 601. | |

PARK HOTEL

Moose Jaw

Modern in Every Way — Our Rates are Right

CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS

SPORTS CHATTER

I would like to congratulate the editor and the committee on the occasion of the magazine's first number, and give it the blessing of the Sports Section. May it flourish and enjoy great success.

Now for something more detailed.

The people who are most due for a "big hand" are the hard-working representatives who form the Station Soccer Committee, and who have made our Station League such a success. They have done a very good job, and I wish them an even better result in the second half of the season.

The Corinthians and Casuals Committee deserve a word of praise for their good results, too, and the Corinthians are to be congratulated upon winning the Kern and Wilson Cups. I hope the Casuals will manage to win one of the other two trophies of the Moose Jaw League. Soccer has overshadowed, as usual, the other Station activities, but this will tend to be less pronounced as the Station amenities for sport improve.

A rival to soccer will undoubtedly be the forthcoming Station Sports Day, which, it is hoped, will be held in the first week of September or thereabouts. A great attraction will be the chariot race — all flights, it is hoped, will enter. I hope that the field events will be well patronised—and any would-be learners who would like to try the javelin, shot or discus events are hereby notified that coaching is now available. Names should be handed to me. The athletic and running track is being laid out west of the Hospital, and should be ready by the time this magazine goes to press.

Cricketers should note that there is to be a cricket pitch laid inside the track—this should leave about two months good weather for playing. A small section competition is proposed, when the

friendly rivalry which our games in Moose Jaw has started, can be resumed. It is whispered that Mossbank has a team to challenge us. We hope to deal with them at cricket as we did at rugger and as they did to us at boxing.

May I take this opportunity to add a small grumble from the section. I would like to see:

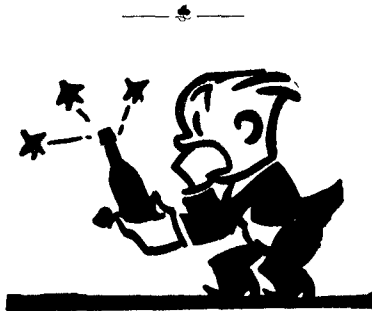
(a) More use by the airmen of the tennis and badminton courts in the Drill Hall. They are available to everyone.

(b) More entries for the airmen's and N.C.O.'s golf tournament. Only five entries have been received to date.

(c) More use of the Sports Goods Shop—No. 1 Hangar—see myself or Corporal Bedford.

(d) More entries for the Station Sports.

A. B. LAITHWAITE.



OH! FOR A PINT!!

A loaf of bread, a jug of beer,
And thou my love so true. . .
But at a pinch, I'd do without
The grub — and you!!

Everything in Drugs

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TIMES TO SERVE THE R.A.F.

H. A. DAVIDSON
DRUGGIST

33 Main Street

Moose Jaw

Station Football League

TEAM	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Miscellaneous	10	7	0	3	30	10	17
Signals and Stores	12	7	2	3	25	17	17
C. & D. Flights	11	5	3	3	23	15	13
E. & F. Flights	7	6	1	0	17	8	12
A. & B. Flights	11	5	4	2	29	21	12
Officers' Mess Staff	7	5	1	1	18	11	11
Electricians	10	3	4	3	20	18	9
G. & H. Flights	10	4	5	1	15	20	9
C. G. I.'s Block	10	3	5	2	19	19	8
Repairs	10	3	5	2	5	8	8
Majors	10	2	4	4	12	22	7
Cookhouse	9	3	5	1	10	19	7
Sergeants	10	2	6	2	7	24	6
Minors	11	1	6	4	11	16	6
Workshops	8	1	6	1	6	21	3

Things We Hear

.... the members of the Officers Mess Staff Soccer side are attributing their success to the special "training" being received on "the Square". We understand they are so fond of it that they are considering asking W.O. Black for more.

.... F/Sgt. Harris may score another goal before he retires from the game.

.... a "Tug-o'-war" team has had its entry returned on humane grounds. We understand the team was made up as follows: Anchor, Cpl. McConnell; Dyson; Rymill; Gibbons; Webb (Main-

tenance); Jayne; F/Lt. Lawton; F/O Rapson; Coach, LAC. Baron.

.... "Come on Steve!" ...

.... the innuendo "Cissies", applied to the "Casuals" and "Corinthians" when, because of bad weather, their first "Wilson Cup" semi-final game was abandoned.

.... "Dinger" Bell and "Chalky" White, trainers respectively of the "Casuals" and "Corinthians", may come to blows at any time now during one of their many friendly arguments concerning the merits (and demerits) of the teams.

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Y.M.C.A. Activities

The outbreak of war presented a great challenge to the Canadian Y.M.C.A., the provision of facilities for the thousands of men who suddenly flocked to the colours. Ninety-six years' experience in meeting the problems of youth both in peace and war provided a firm foundation. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. was ready. The challenge was accepted and met.

Mobilization brought many problems, but the war services of the Y.M.C.A. toward the end of 1939 was only the beginning. It has been nearly two years since the outbreak of hostilities, and throughout the entire period the services of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada have been undergoing constant expansion.

In addition to the many off-duty services provided in several C.A.S.F. and R.C.A.F. stations, the field of the Y.M.C.A. has broadened under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan to include a number of R.A.F. schools in Canada. One of the first was No. 32 Service Flying Training School, Moose Jaw.

Early in March the Y.M.C.A. took over operation of the canteen, under the capable directorship of Eric G. Walling, Y.M.C.A. secretary. The organization of divers activities is conducted for the men during off-duty hours.

Softball matches are arranged regularly to supplement outdoor activity on the football field. A friendly game of horseshoes helps to while away idle hours. Three tours of the local Wild Animal Park have provided enjoyable afternoons in the out-of-doors for many. Camera enthusiasts, especially, find opportunity for excellent shots of Canadian wild animal life on the tours which are arranged by Mr. Walling.

A lively camera club has been growing in interest and activity, and opportunities are available for developing, printing and enlarging to club members in the station darkroom. The "shutter-bugs" hold one general meeting and two darkroom sessions each week.

As a personal service regular visits are made by canteen workers to the hospital to meet the needs of those confined by illness. The Y.M.C.A. secretary arranges contacts with relatives, and also visits the hospital both in a

condolatory capacity and for the distribution of free cigarettes and reading and writing materials.

Canteen employees are often able to provide the necessary data to help in the planning of leave and trips in general. Numerous personal shopping facilities are very valuable in making life for the men more homelike. The reading and writing room is open to all with paper and envelopes supplied by the Y.M.C.A.

Moving pictures of fairly current films are provided by the Y.M.C.A. free of charge to men of the station. The average audience numbers between 175 and 200 men.

The Y.M.C.A. was instrumental in having the Nashua Boys' and Girls' Band with their majorettes visit the station. After the concert, which proved very popular, refreshments were served by the Y.M.C.A. for the 75 members of the troupe.

When called upon at short notice, while the airmen were confined to camp through inclement weather, the Y.M.C.A. arranged a variety programme, including instrumentalists, vocalists, and novelty numbers. Also present as a special guest was Captain Jones, Y.M.C.A. war secretary, recently returned from England. Captain Jones brought messages of encouragement to those who know England so well.

The canteen itself plays the role of a general store, thereby satisfying the needs of everyday life. As business manager, Bill Carroll heads the canteen staff. Assisting with the canteen operations are Lloyd Probert and Norman Toddington of Moose Jaw, Howard Green of Boharm, and Lewis McFarland and Donald Trevo of Saskatoon.

The Canadian Young Men's Christian Association has volunteered and undertaken to share with others the responsibility of standing alongside thousands of young men who offer their lives for the defence of freedom and democracy. Its aim is to help them be and do the best of which they themselves are capable. The methods employed are positive and constructive, providing activities that build, recreate and minister to the health of spirit, mind and body. In its war services, the Y.M.C.A. continues to move toward the achievement of Christian persons in a Christian society—the purpose of the Y.M.C.A.

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DRINK . . .

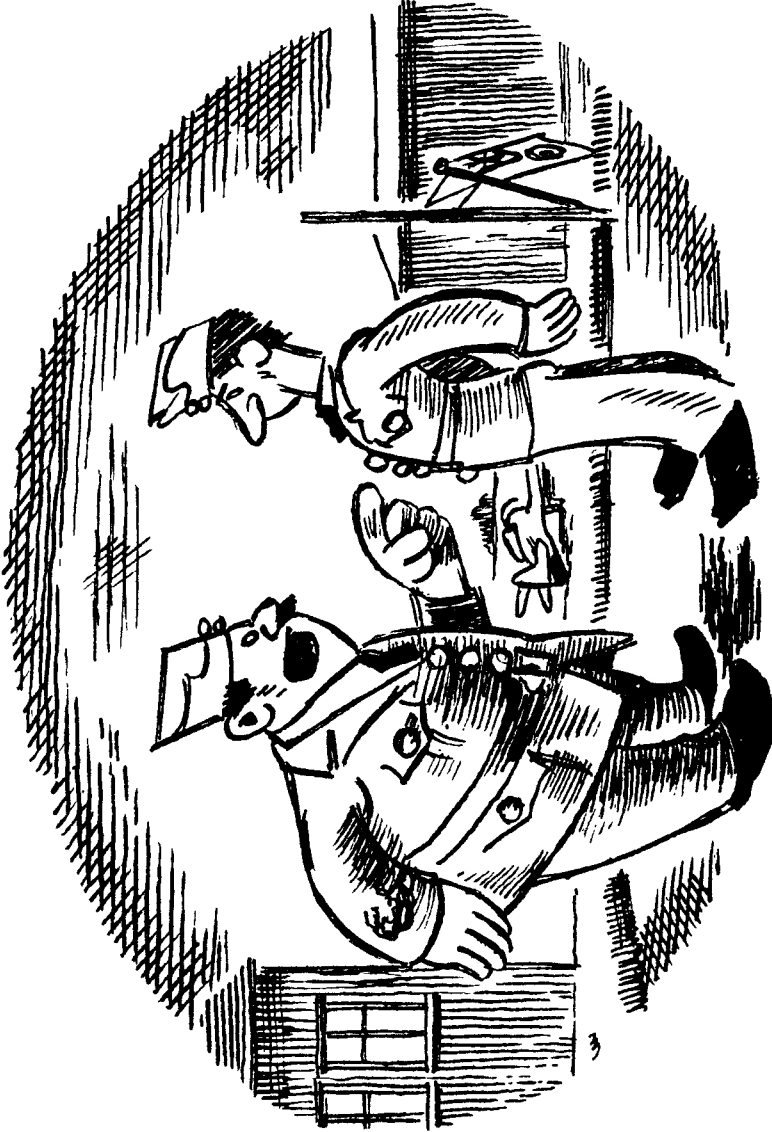
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Bull!

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 for your Dad and Granddad good enough for you!

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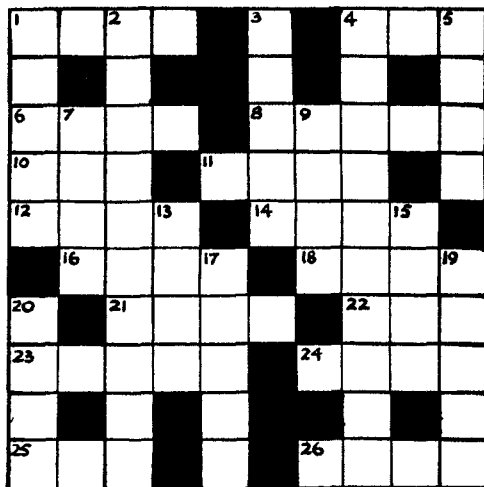
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Contribution from Nov. 23rd, 1940,
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CROSSWORD COMPETITION

No. 1



The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 30/8/41, to The Prairie Flyer, No. 32 S.F.T.S., marked "Xword."

Clues Across

1. "Take me back to dear old Blighty"?
4. "Local."
6. Peer.
8. More than one fool.
10. Number.
11. Holds up, the slang bit of an aeroplane.
12. Short month.
14. Cookhouse favourite.
16. When a piston gets this, it's time to look into it.
18. Three-quarters of this mark would take you to town.
21. Soon—indefinite article and preposition.
22. Draw.
23. Every pupil hopes for these.
24. You have it.
25. "Hot air" or petrol to me.
26. This the clues across.

Clues Down

1. These need not be worn with shorts K.D.
2. But for these, No. 32 would not be here.
3. Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr.
4. This is often given to 2 down.
5. Birds like it.
7. Many an airman does this before pay day.
9. Drunkards.
13. Peculiar taste.
15. Hasn't a home.
17. This problem rhymes with a Flight Sergeant.
19. Singular of 9 down does this sometimes, so do the Scots.
20. Have this when you're thirsty.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

Obituary

Killed as the result of a Flying Accident

R.74863 L.A.C. DARLING, W.

2ND JULY, 1941

Accidentally Drowned

1376746 L.A.C. TURNER, R. F. K.

12TH JULY, 1941

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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LADIES' PAGES

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